

A Beautiful
Work On Urdu
Poetry & Non
Fiction

ILHAMIYAAAT

ABD AL-WAHID

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And Non Fiction

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BlueRose ONE
Stories Matter

DIY

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DIY

Dedication

This book is inscribed to my loving parents
and my great master in the remembrance of
their love and teachings.

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Banda E Khuda

*masroof e jaañ bhi hooñ
tālib e wajah bhi hooñ
mahz insān hi nahiñ
koi karishma bhi hooñ*

*nafs ka khidmat guzār
qā.il e shaitāñ bhi hooñ
roze rakhta nafl padhta
hāmi e jaza bhi hooñ*

*meri ibtidā nāpāk qatra
maiñ nā.ib e khuda bhi hooñ
kisi khubsurat si shakl meñ
koi jānlewā bala bhi hooñ*

*kahiñ be wafa kahiñ ba wafa
kahiñ zālimoñ se ladā bhi hooñ
kahiñ sar bachākar ke kat gaya
kahiñ sar katākar utha bhi hooñ*

*chashma e nam ka sabr hooñ
khushq zameeñi ghizā bhi hooñ
kyā kam hai abdul mere liyeñ
ki maiñ bandā e khuda bhi hooñ*

I am busy in my life, seeking the reason of my existence, the reason of my creation. Who made me? Who is my creator? I am having 100 billion neurons and 10x more glial cells in my brain. What are my limits? I have been given the ability to speak, learn and inventing new techniques. I have nature around me like no other planet possesses.

A drop of sperm is my origin and on the other side my forefather Adam was made the ambassador of God a long time ago, without any father and mother. How unique and wonderful I have been created. Precisely I am, being a human is the biggest miracle ever done in the entire history of the universe.

Ek Jungī Tasawwur

Ek aisi juñg meñ mulawwiz hone kī khwahish hai jahaañ mere khilaaf tamām buraiyāñ, hāl aur māzi ke sabhī tajurbāt lekar wajood pazeer hoñ.

mere khoon ki piyasī, meri hastī ko nist o nāboot karne ki khwāhishmand, duniya ke bade zalimeen, insāniyat ke luṭere, tā.�īm ka libās pehenkar, tehzeeb ke kapde utarne wale.

You tube per latīfā nigāri ke nām par gāliyoñ ko faroġh dene wale, khuda ke ghar ko kārobāri adda banāne wale,

nikah o wasiyat ke waqt ladkiyoñ kā haq mārne wale.

yeh tamām log mere khilāf hoñ aur maiñ akela doosri jānib.

us karishme ka muntazir jiska tasawwur maiñ aksar kiya karta hooñ.

apne hāthoñ ko āsmān ki simt uthaooñ, apne khaliq ko awāz dooñ.

aur jawāb meñ Jibra.il apni fauj lekar utreñ, mere pusht ki jānib Kā.ināt ka sabse bāda lashkar khaḍa ho.

jo na to kisi aañkh ne dekha or na kisi kaan ne suna, ik aisa lashkar jise dekhker pair kampne lagen.

*dushmanoñ ki rooh bhi is khauf e halchal ko mehsoos
kar pa rahi ho*

*yeh wahi nāyāb manzar hai, jise gunahgār hone ka
ķhayāl mahz ek afsāna banākar rakh deta hai.*

*Jibra.il ki fauj ka āna koi namumkin baat to nahiñ,
khuda ne dariya phāde haiñ apne bandoñ ke liyeñ,
āg se jalāne ki quwwat ko cheena hai,
asa mārne par murdoñ ko zindagi di hai, aur sulaiman ki
hukumat kya koi choti misāl hai.*

*Magar khyāl karo Abdul unka koi na tha to Khuda
tha,
tumhāre sab haiñ magar Khuda nahiñ hai.*

We are in the age of wisdom and the age of foolishness as well. One side independent nations are showing off their awesomeness in promoting prosperity on the other side advancing weapons of mass destruction. On the stage before the audience peace is discussed but backstage the scenario is completely at odds.

In such a chaos, where spring of hope seems too far, a believer wants to call upon his creator for reconstruction of the world order. But he is in despair that how a sinful man's call will get a response?

He urges to his lord that sinners are hiding in the beautiful dresses of cotton and undressing the culture, promoting abuses, killing morality and they have conv-

erted your homes into businesses. He calls upon you for the response in the winter of despair; putting his eyes down, hopeless and helpless.

Hayāt

*Muddat e hayāt ko hameshgī ka jām dekar
do hissoñ meñ taqseem kar diyā gayā
ek hissa jisme maut ka intezār thā
doosra jisme koi intezār nahiñ
Yā to sazā thi yā phir in'aam*

A day sitting in my academy, a sudden thought caught my mind that life in itself is not in that sense, the meaning we give it. Rather it is an infinite span divided into two periods namely pre-death and post-death. Pre death period is like an examination hall where a human is morally, philosophically, intellectually, politically and economically tested. Meanwhile all these tests he makes relationships, keeps expectations from people and things. He earns and makes future plans and suddenly the death takes the papers and submit them.

Now the post death period begins, a timeless span having no end of it. A human gets facilities based on the

merits, whether goes to hell if fails or goes to heaven if passes, both with eternity. This is the complete meaning of life which is of eternal nature.

Aao Kahiñ Door Nikal Chalte Haiñ

aao kahiñ door nikal chalte haiñ

jahāñ par surat e anjān nazar na aay

jahāñ par fitrat e haiwān nazar na aay

jahāñ par āsmān se ishq hi barasta ho

jahāñ par har zabāñ se ishq hi jhalaktā ho

aao kahiñ door nikal chalte haiñ

jahāñ par zālimoñ ke zulm ki takrār hoti ho

jahāñ par jhoot kehne meñ zabāñ māyoos hoti ho

jahāñ par dil ki thandak kā sabab khuloos hota ho

jahāñ par haq o batil ka farq maujood hota ho

aao kahiñ door nikal chalte haiñ

jahān par ishq o siyasat door door raheñ

jahāñ par zaat khud meñ koi khitāb na ho

jahāñ par ābroo apna maqām pā jāy

jahāñ par ārzoo takmeel ki mohtāj na ho

aao kahiñ door nikal chalte haiñ

*jahāñ par ache amal qeemti sarmāya hoñ
jahāñ par dulhaneñ tijārati Samān na hoñ
jahāñ par bhook se koi pet na tadpe
jahāñ par aadmi aadmi ho shetān na ho

aao kahiñ door nikal chalte haiñ*

Let's go to a place, where no mystifying faces exist. It is our own world of happiness, where you appreciate my love, and I appreciate yours. Our tongues are free from telling lies, where we both are free from hiding things, like a clean mirror. A place where people are same from the inside as they look from their faces. A place where truth and just is dominant and where no value of lie exists.

I want to take you a place, where no politics in love lies, and caste has no standard, where modesty is admired, where dreams and wishes come true, where brides are not selling stuff, where a man is honored for his good. It is an imaginary world that does not exist. Come with me, let's make it true.

Laut Jao Tum

yahāñ se laut jao tum

*har apni baat ko keh kar
dili faryād ko keh kar
gham e hayāt ko keh kar*

*kuch is andāz meñ lauto
tumhe woh dekhne tarse
tumhe āwaaz de lekin
yeh uska ākhiri dam ho
phir uska dam nikal jay*

*tumhe afsos hogा na
ki ek ladka jo kehta tha
yahāñ se laut jao tum
woh khud hi laut jayga*

*yahāñ qissa khatam socho
to ek aisi himāqat hai
ki jaise maut aane par
koi jāne khuda kya he*

*tumhe phir yaad aayga
ki behtar tha theher jānā
fizool ik baat thi uski
jo kehta tha chale jao*

Say everything and go back to the place where you came from. Sometimes we make people say goodbye. We

give them final chance to say everything, justifying their selves. Notwithstanding thousands of efforts, memories and plans we make them say goodbye.

Our soul does not allow it, and she conveys spiritual messages which no ear can hear no eye can see except the soul of the beloved. She says not to go, please stop there. But sometimes ego and anger wins and two souls get separated with unanswered questions within them.

Time passes as it always does. Soon, they both start realizing their wrong decisions but now it is too late to undo. The only way that remains is to redo the life again.

Baitha Yeh Sochta Hoon

*kis ke gale lagooñ
kis se karooñ gila
maiñ tanha ek kamre meñ
baitha yeh sochta hooñ*

*ek qabr numāñ jism meñ
jo qaid kahiñ hai
kab hogya woh parinda rihaa
baitha yeh sochta hooñ*

*tarz e zindagi
kaun se shakhs ki khushi
phir talāsh, qurb, justjoo aur khuda
baitha yeh sochta hooñ*

*zikr e khaq ho aur hamd o sana
yeh baat Kitni khilāf hai
pehle supurd e khāq kar
aur ek nashāt e sāniyaā'*

*phir mahkoom e iram bana
aur rehnuma e pul sirāt
kya ajab bandagi o falsafa
baitha yeh sochta hooñ*

*Life is filled with sorrows and I have no one to cuddle,
neither my father nor my mother. It is not because they are
not alive but their elderly son does not want to make them*

feel what he himself does. They have in their eyes, a pleasing character of their son like every parent does and I have to keep that character alive.

In a room of no one. My soul feels to be in a cage of mortality, waiting for release. There is a huge crowd of people to please, and I am troubled If I please one, the other will die. There is chaos everywhere, and I have to search for divine, he is the only remedy.

How amazing the philosophy of life is, first mixing in the soil and then we become a subject of heaven, the highest qualification to have in the universe as a human.

Bad'dua

*zindagi kis tarah ho āsān basar jāna
tumne khoya hai apna ghar jāna*

*ab tumhara sāhib e sultānat hona fuzool hai
tumhare mulk ke qadeem bāshinde
mayoosi ki chādar lapete tumse door nikal gye
ab tum ek virān pade sehrā ke alawa kuch bhi nahiñ*

*tumhare yahañ ke parinde waba ke shikār hokar mar
gye*

*phooloñ ne apni khushbu kho dī hai
darañht apni ākhiri sāñse gin rahe hain*

*āsmān par koi safed bādal nazar nhi āta
goya kisi dāyan ne tumhe baddua dī ho
tum ma.ī ki woh fasal bankar reh gyi ho
jise garmi ki shiddat se aag khā jāya karti hai*

*ab tum jaise vīrān bageeche ko bhala kaun pāni
de
abhi kuch waqt phle māli ke hāth to tumne katwa diye*

*bhala kaun tumhāre qaseede pañhega
bhala kaun tumhāri dast bosi ko tarsega
bhala kaun tumhe nay nay nāmoñ se phukāregā*

*tum ko rota dekh
kaun lateefe gungunāya karegā*

*tumne uske ehd o wafa ka qatl kiyā
tumne ek ba-wafa ka qatl kiyā
jisne likha tumhe khushi jāna
usne krlī he khud kushi jāna*

*tumhe dagha ki sazā mubārak ho
khair khāhi baqa mubārak ho*

How unfortunate a person is whose loved ones have left him alone for his faults. A big territory, plunder and a beautiful garden has faded into thinly populated lorn. It seems a witch arrived and cursed for an eternal loneliness. An epidemic has made birds rest in peace, flowers have lost their loving smells, trees look aged and tired, everywhere dark clouds around. Now there is no one here who will recite a poem in your praise and burst jokes for you. This is how my dear an abandoned person looks like. You have a deserted garden. Weeks ago the Gardner's hands were slaughtered, now he can not give water to the plants so that they regrow.

All of these mis happenings are the result of a broken heart that you did happily, who wrote you as happiness in his poetry, has committed suicide. Congratulations for your punishment, Congratulations for the eternal regret.

Sawāl Kyā Hai

*sawāl kyā hai zawał kyā hai
bhalā yeh fitna e hāl kyā hai*

*jo ishq karte na thak rahe haiñ
unhi se poocho kamāl kyā hai*

*miyāñ woh chehra hai daftar e gul
miyāñ woh fitrat misāl kyā hai*

*woh aay baithe mere sirāhne
to phir qayāmat khayāl kyā hai*

*jo uske hontoñ ki rangateñ hain
haiñ itni umda gulāl kyā hai*

*jab usko dekhā hai ġhor karke
to maine jānā jamāl kyā hai*

I do not know the question, how the present time is going on? The people who only can answer the question of

yours, are the people in love. Go and ask to them. They very well know how the magic works?

The idea of Doomsday can fade into nothing, if you come and sit beside me, because it would be more catastrophic than anything I can pretend. Further I am lacking words for you, I am collecting phrases and idioms to describe you. In few years I hardly believe, it would be possible.

Khwāb Dekhte Haiñ

*chalo khwāb dekhte haiñ
kya hai tābeer e āftab dekhte haiñ*

*dekhte haiñ kaisā lagta hai
arsh par bijliyañ kadakti haiñ
kya yeh dariyā be-haal hota hai
kya tumhe yeh khayāl hota hai*

dekhte haiñ kaisa lagta haiñ

*dekhte haiñ gulāb ki khushbu
jub tere qurb se guzarti hai
tere āriz ki lāl rangat se
khud bhi usko malāl hota hai*

dekhte haiñ kaisa lagta hai

*qismat ka dhani hai ki tere
adab ki khātir karta hai
lafz tarreeb teri chaukhat par
tujhse mukhlis kalām karta hai*

*Ki tera qurb ho use hāsil
tujhse kya bebasī se kehta hai*

*tum meri zindagi ināyat ho
tum meri khas si ik ādat ho
mere khwabo me tum bashārat ho*

*Koi be khair baat karta hai
woh mahz adab e yaar karta hai*

We often wait for people having a strong hope, remembering the moments when we were together. Unchanged and sincere with the same behavior we used to have, but no one arrives. Hope dies nothing remains like it was, and we get change.

It is not the end of the story, and a new morning knocks the doorstep. Every feeling takes a rebirth, and history repeats itself. We try again, dream again, make plans and do efforts again to make people believe that they matter.

Though we promised ourselves for not doing it again, but that is love and affection my dear and we can not have a control over it. We always try to prove ourselves to those who we love.

Paristāni Fazā

*dard bhi de to dawā lagti hai
woh paristāni fazā lagti hai*

*hans ke bole to ishq ho jāy
muskurāy to shifa lagti hai*

*chehra mukhlis lafz zeher bhare
apni fitrat se khafa lagti hai*

*chashm kehte haiñ haqiqat uski
thodi ander se pareshāñ lagti hai*

*uske hontoñ ki rangateñ abdul
Kyā batayñ ke kyā lagti hai*

Pain becomes happiness when you touch my soul like a wind of paradise, healing me from inside. Whenever you see towards me, it seems, this is first time, I have fallen in love with someone. Every sight of yours gives me a feeling of having everything. You make everything valueless even the poetry and the collection of books I have.

I read fiction searching for a character like you in the novels of Jane and Charles. I have no reason to believe about an incident that will apart you from me and I even do not want to predict anything. Love already got the destination when we first met and fall for each other.

Wehshat

*Yeh ibtid'a hai meri koi inteha nahiñ hai
nazroñ se door hai tu dil se juda nahiñ hai*

*sitam jo kar rahe haiñ ham par zamāne wāle
karlo abhi touba phir rāsta nahiñ hai*

*āyga waqt phir gar ham jaañ luta chalenge
yeh mulk hai hamāra ham bewafa nahiñ haiñ*

*sach hai ke jo ghalat hai ek din fana hai hona
qudrat ko jo hara de paida hua nahiñ hai*

*wehshat si ghul rahi hai apni fazā meñ abdul
is mulk me koi kya apna bacha nahiñ hai*

A fanatic rule is dominant. Violence and injustice are common everywhere. Bills are becoming acts within weeks. Houses of the poor are being demolished at the request of the priest and the recreation of the history is taki-

*ng place. In such a scenario where the country is bipolar,
I have started.*

*I have started, where I need to prove myself that I am a
bona-fide citizen, I have started, where I do not know
whether the next day I would be at home or be in prison?*

*I am just a peace lover; and it is my wish to see the chil-
dren of the poor going schools every day, further I pray
for the well-being of the riches and their children. This is
where I have started*

Karke Dekha Hai

*waqt rehte guzāra karke dekha hai
hamne ishq dobāra karke dekha hai*

*jab yeh jāna koi munāfa nhi yahañ
is marz e jaañ se kināra karke dekha hai*

*ta'leem o tarbiyat nhi milti dukānoñ meñ
hamne ek umr yeh nazāra karke dekha hai*

*jamooohriyat ke naam par zulm aam tha
thak gye to ilm sahāra karke dekha hai*

*dono rakhte the mukhaalif soch to phir
qurb e mehboob ka kafāra karke dekha hai*

Take decision before the time passes. You may identify the reason of your death, taking place on a daily installation basis. My dear nothing matters if you within yourself do not exist, because on earth not every moving thing is alive.

Knowledge is not a thing which you can buy from a shop. You may be the richest person of the world by fortune but you may also be the poorest one in knowledge. If you are learned and having a view against mine, I would love to have a learned man as an enemy.

Be alive on the sheets of the history my dear; the biggest fact of the time is that the learned survived through ages and still alive in the books, but illiterates were faded into darkness and were never remembered.

Abdul

hai dil me baat magar baat ko kehna nahiñ aata
karo barbād mujhko ab mujhe ghussa nahiñ aata

tasalliyōñ se khafa karta ā raha hooñ tumheñ
meri jaañ tumko insān door karna nahiñ aata

tum poochte ho mujhse koi dastāñ kaho
is bimār zehēn meñ koi qissa nahiñ aata

jab todkar yaqeen koi jaata Hai
phir is dil e wīrān meñ dujaa nahiñ aata

baad tere ashkhās bhut aate hain
abdul tere mijāz ka banda nahiñ aata

It all started with a breathless child, with so many expectations and a miracle which brought him to life again, acc-

ompanied by many desires. A desire to be majestic and glorious, a desire to be heroic and loyal.

It was he, who looked for no give ups, and made all the attempts in making his companions the best. He tried for opening the eyes to see into reality, he tried to make them identify the qualities, and what they have been created for, he tried.

Whoever he met, he brought the step forward to make the one aware of his potential, but failed. Finally he realized that it was he, the hope in the winter of despair. So he continued...

It all started with a breathless child and it all would be ended up on a breathless body with no give ups.

Bachche

*takhti par harf banāte bachche
Yeh haste khilkhilāte bachche*

*garmiyoñ ki dhoop or sard shamoñ meñ
gard o ghubār meñ dhundlāte bachche*

*roz subh deri se hāth me sikka dabāy
rote haste dars gāh ko jāte bachche*

*namazoñ ki safhoñ meñ zor-zor se
imam ki āwaaz ko dohrāte bachche*

*mehmān ki āmad aur dīwār ke peeche
sharmāte chup chupāte bachche*

*ghurbat ke kooñchoñ meñ āzādi ke din
parcham e hind lehrāte bachche*

Hamsafar

ā hamsafar mere pās baith

*tujhko maloom hai tera aana
mere gum-naam hujre ko
ek pehchān detā hai*

*teri talāsh meñ dil e abdul
aane wali har ek āhat ko
tere chehre bki muskurāhat ko
dil me ābad karke rakhta hooñ
ba-wuzu yaad krke rakhta hooñ*

ā hamsafar mere paas baith

*tere haq me yeh sochta hooñ maiñ
mujhme tu qaid hoke reh jāy
teri duniya āzād ho lekin
mere ander tamām ho lekin
tujhko ho chain meri bahoñ meñ
ik subh khair hoke reh jāy
tu meri seher hoke reh jāy*

ā hamsafar mere paas baith

Zamāne Wale

*mujhko neendeñ nahiñ ātiñ e zamāne wāle
mere har khawāb pe pehra lagāne wāle*

*khatakār hooñ māfi ka talabgār hooñ maiñ
meri faryād ko sun rooth ke jāne wāle*

*zarā si baat par takrār hua karti hai
miyañ kya log the rishtoñ ko bachāne wāle*

*ab to ā laut ke waqt bhut beet gayā
o sare aam wadoñ ko nibhāne wale*

*tum sitamgar ho sitamgar hi rahoge abdul
mujhse yeh cheekh ke kehte hain zamane wale*

*I am sleepless nowadays, without knowing the reason.
I think, I am impious and morally confused. It has brought
my peace away. I am admitting mistakes that I did in past,
making a call to those who left me, I am urging them to*

keep the promises they made to me. But in reply they only scream and say you are a persecutor. Where the smile lovers are? Why they are few in number? What cursed this society? I am full of such unanswered questions looking for someone's reply like a wasteland, urging to the clouds for rain.

Talāsh

*maiñ ne samjha tha har tareeqe se
kis tareeqe se tujhko samjhungā*

*maiñ ne zindagi ko basar kiya
tere samjhne ya na samjhne meñ*

*maiñ ne har nisāb ko padh liya
jahaan tera milna gumaan thā*

*tu asal me mujhko kahaan mila
tere samjhne ya na samjhne meñ*

*mujhe zindagi se mila hi kya
tu ne kya yeh mujhko ata kiya*

*maiñ ne us khuda ko pā liyā
tere samjhne ya na samjhne meñ*

*I searched for the meaning of yours, wherever your
clue may have been searched, I went there. I studied*

Anthropology because you loved materialistic things and you liked to know the origin of human society. I went through biology so that I would come to know how you've been created. I studied psychology so that I would know how you behaved. I have gone through all the sciences to find you. I tried every technique in search of yours.

In it a big part of my life has passed away, and do you know? What I have in my hands of yours? Nothing, I am failed in it. How pretty place it is, as ever I saw in all the days of my life. I am finally here where the massage of Devine arrives. Thank you for making me a seeker.

Hidāyat Ki Dua

*gham e hijrat se mila dard bayaañ kaise karooñ
maiñ aqeedat me mohabbat se gilā kaise karooñ*

*teri yaad bhula de woh wir'd de mujhko
jo mit chuki he woh hasti maiñ baqā kaise karooñ*

*yā rab ata kar woh jawaab e zindagi
apne āqa muhammad (PBUH) se wafā kaise karooñ*

*woh musawwir e khalq o kātib uske chehre ka
maiñ uske shukr e inaayat ko adā kaise karooñ*

*mera har gaam gunāhoñ meñ pad gya yā rab
ab apne haq me hidayat ki dua kaise karooñ*

Roz E Jaza Ka Din

*gard āñkho me gir jāy kabhi
tum mujhe rāsta bta jāna*

*aañdhiyāñ na bujha sakeñ ya rab
mere ander woh lau jala jāna*

*jis ko sunte hi rooh mahek uththe
shair kuch aisa gunguna jāna*

*jism khāli haiñ aur faut huē
in zameeroñ ko tum jaga jāna*

*maiñ khuda ke bandoñ se pyar karuñ
dīn kuch is tarah sikha jāna*

*juld roz e jaza ka din hogा
apna ehd e wafa nibha jāna*

*haq batāna hai abdul amal e khuda
jo bura tha use hai bura jāna*

*qaid e duniya se ab rihaī par
ham to chalte haiñ tum bhi ājāna*

I pray to God oftentimes. O Creator If I lose the path that you guided me, show me the straightway and do not let me go astray. Bestow me the best knowledge, which you gave to your chosen ones. Give me such sense of writing which connects to the soul of the reader so that my words keep them alive.

There are sectarians everywhere, telling your path wrongfully, misguiding people, spreading hate among them. Please show me the righteous way of living and teach me the religion of kindness and leniency.

I warn all of those who made promises to me for the loyalty and faithfulness, soon there would be doomsday and we are in a way to it. The life is a cage of time and soon we all have to leave for the next world.

Murda Jism

*ab na koi ehl e dil hameñ seene se lagāy
nā koi ehl e fan hameñ afsāna sunāy
ham haiñ woh murda jism
jinheñ dafn e zameeñ kar
lauta nahiñ hai apna koi hamāri qabr par
koi nahiñ hai ham pe jo ek fatihā padhe
ab ham pe yeh azāb musalsal hi rahegā
yeh ghurub e aftab musalsal hi rahegā*

*koi sham'a hameñ quwwat e bīnai na degi
koi aañkh hameñ dekhe na izzat ki nazar se
guzishta shām hameñ chod ga.īñ arwāh hamari
āygi subh maut is khauf e khabar se*

Shakhs E Na.Māloom

*mera naam Abdul hai, maiñ 23 sāla umr ko phuch
gaya hooñ, ab tak zindagi meñ, maiñ ne apna ek behtreen
muzahera paish kiya hai. bawujood iske kuch afsos or ek
kabhi na khatm hone wali aarzuon ki fehrist mere sath
hai. ek doosre sheher meñ kām karte baras beet chuke
haiñ.*

*ek namaloom shakhs meri taraf nigah kiye hue chalta
aa rha hai goya mere qareeb hi aaker baithega.*

Shakhs : Assalamualaikum ...

Walaikum Assalam...

Shakhs : Kaise rahe imtehanat ?

Alhumdulillah magar konse imtehanāt ?

*Shakhs : khair jane do, qareeb se guzar raha tha to
fehrist me tumhara naam dekha....*

*Shakhs : waliden aur ehliya se mulaqat hui
?...mutma.in ho ?*

*maiñ aapki baat samjha nahiñ, kya aap police ke koi
afsar haiñ ? dekhiye janāb jahaan tak mera khayal hai
mene koi jurm to anjam nhi diya hai or nā hi kisi se koi
jhagda ya fasād kiya hai.*

*maiñ kafī waqt se is sheher meñ kām karta hooñ aur
ek aman pasand ādmi hooñ, magar waliden aur ehliya ,
imtehanat waghaira mere kuch samjh nhi aai baat.*

aap barāy meherbāni apni pehchan Kra deñ.

*ab kahin jākar chutti ki arzi qubool hui hai , maiñ koi
mushkil nhi chahta, ghar jāna hai, kafī waqt ho gyā, is
anjān sheher maiñ.*

sabhi bohot yaad karte hain....

batāiñ aap kon haiñ or konse imtehānāt ?

Shakhs : maiñ Azrael , maut ka farishta, chalo.....

Fāreha

*dayār e yaar par ek ghazl e tohfa likh raha hooñ
tujhe khayāl meñ jāna maiñ apna likh raha hooñ*

*tera milna na milna baad ka sawāl rahā
jo manzar e aam hai woh qissa likh raha hooñ*

*mazlooma, jaan e ghazal, zohra jabeeñ
teri tareef me ek aur jumla likh raha hooñ*

*meri shohrat teri shohrat ke barabar to nahiñ
meri aankhoñ ko magar tere jaisa likh raha hooñ*

*a.in se umr ki dua sheen ho shauq e ārzoo
qaaf ho qurb tera yeh iltija likh raha hooñ*

*fareha tujhko likhoon itna qābil maiñ kahaañ
phir bhi haañ tujhko falsafa likh raha hooñ*

*abdul use khauf e parwaaz kyoñ satāta hai
jisko maiñ ik manzil e armaañ likh raha hooñ*

Wasiyat

*khuda ke khauf se nazreñ jhuka ke chal dena
bada aasaan hai ek dil dukha ke chal dena*

*teri aadat mere maazi ki tarah na badli
phir mujhe aazmāna aazma ke chal dena*

*mujh ko mānind e shifa kaam kiya karta hai
Yeh tera muskurana muskura ke chal dena*

*teri wasiyat ki ab tak hai yaad mujhko
gar wada karna to wada nibha ke chal dena*

*mere badan se thakān ko utaar deta hai
tera khwaboñ me aana or ā ke chal dena*

*teri chahat hai mujhe talkhiyāñ jhuka deñgi
lahoo meñ mere nhi sir jhuka ke chal dena*

There is fear in you of God therefore you cannot see straight in my eyes. How easy it is to break a glass of faith. Past is never changed and so as you always test me

and vanish in it. I even cannot erase you. You guided me not to break promises and you do so. I have you in my dreams every night and you are a habitual of disappearance but it awards me peace. It is your desire that I should bow down to problems. I do not think so because I only prostrate to God.

Jumla E Be-Tarteeb

*main lafz hoo mgar mere saath koi lafz nahiñ milta
taaki maiñ bhi zindagi ko ek jumle meñ tabdeel kr skoo,
ek khubsurat jumla.*

*magar kaise mumkin hai , riwāyat to yeh he ke do ya
do se zyada lafz milker, ek jumla takhleeq karte haiñ.*

*mere ird gird hujoom hai, lashkar hai, dast bosi krne
wale,
maatha choomne wale, pyar dene wale, magar phir bhi
kyoñ tanha hooñ.*

*mai ek lafz hooñ mere ander, itne poshida lafz hain ke
agar woh mil jāyñ, to jumla nhi mazmoon tayyar ho jayga
magar yahi to masla dar paish hai.*

*maiñ lafz hooñ aur mere sath koi lafz nhi milta
us shafqat wale haath ki kamī, jo mere sir ko sehlaker
mujhe samjhārī ka dars deta tha, woh kami aaj bhi khalti
hai,
magar afsos woh dast e shafqat bhi zer e khāq ho gya
or woh shaks bhi jiske bazoo per qudrat ne use rakha tha.*

*saadgi pasand hooñ, magar daulat ne, qabr ke ander
soy hue logo ko bhi, dushman bana rakha hai.*

woh log jo meri surat se bhi wāqif nahiñ, unse zindagi ko

bchay bchay phirti hooñ.

*qudrat ne har cheez se nawāza hai, mgar khud par
ikhtiyar se mehroom rakha.*

*bachpan, khilkhilahat, masumiyat talāsh karti phirti
hooñ*

woh ek bāba numa shakhs kafi samjhata hai

*uska da'wa hai woh bhi ek lafz hai, jo mere sath
milker jumla ban skta hai, mgar bhala ek darvesh ka
shehzādi par kya ikhtiyar.*

Farishte Se Guftgu

*farishte ruk apni ākhiri justju karlooñ
badan ko paak or khud ko bawazu karlooñ*

*ho gar ijāzat poori yeh aarzoo karlooñ
lamha e ākhir khāliq se guftgu karlooñ*

*tera mijāz kuch talkh nazar aata hai
jī me aata hai tujhse dosti karlooñ*

*qaid e duniya tamām hai ki ab
tere wajood par thodi si shā'iry karlooñ*

*abdul suna hai sab waheeñ par jama hoñge
ki iske shukr me ek fātiha khawāni karlooñ*

Sawalaat

*aur bhi log wafa ke ehad liye hue
zaar o qatār māyoosi ki bārish me bheegte
mujhse yeh sawāl krte haiñ
kya tum theek ho ?
kahāñ khoy rehte ho ?
woh kon hai ?
jo tummhe hamara nhi hone deta*

*ya phir hamne khud hi
māyoosi ki bārish meñ bheegne ka intekhāb kiya
hamne khwāb dekhe the
woh khwāb jinka badal
azāb ki surat hamāre samne hai*

*ham kya is khata ko kafāre ki surat dekar
apni duniya dobara takhleeq nhi kar sakte ?*

*kya koi sur tumhare or hamare darmiyān
iāhq ke har ehsās ko zinda nhi kar sakta ?*

*agar yeh mumkin ho to hameñ
ba khuda sur ke baad ka hashr bhi manzoor hai*

*kyoñ khāmosh ho kuch kaho ham muntazir haiñ
tumhare talkh jumle sun ne ke liyeñ
kaheeñ aisa to nahiñ
tumhara hona koi azaab hi ho
aur ham tumhe rehmat samjhkar talash kar rhe hain*

*ek bharam me tumhāra intezar karte
kāsh aisā hi ho*

*tum isi tarah apni tehreeroñ meñ
māzi ko darj karte karte mar jao
yeh baddua nahiñ chodo jāne do
batlao to kisne tumhe mukammal kar diya hai ...?*

Aa Lagi Hai

*ek aarzū kahiñ se aa lagi hai mujhe
muddatoñ baad koi dua lagi hai mujhe*

*maiñ har tabeeb ki nākami hooñ
tere hathoñ shifa lagi hai mujhe*

*mere badan ki rangat nikhar aa.ī hai
goya ruhani ghiza lagi hai mujhe*

*main fasane bayan karta hooñ
yeh ajab ek waba lagi hai mujhe*

*tum meri aakhri tamanna ho
ya yuhiñ khwa ma khwah lagi hai mujhe*

*maiñ ne jis jis ke dil ko toda tha
sabhi ki bad dua lagi hai mujhe*

*molvi tu koi hākim e waqt nahiñ
teri taqreer khutba lagi hai mujhe*

*zindagi nhi hai khatma abdul
hashr iski jaza lagi hai mujhe*

Shehzadi Zalzala

Do dino ki taweel tark e gustugu ke baad jab mohtaram ka ghussa apne urooj per phucha...

to bechare mohtram ne aadat ke mutabiq khāmoshi ikhtiyār karli...

Ab woh khāmoshi shehzadi zalzala ko takleef maloom hone lgi....

mohtaram ka khyal tha, is khata ki saza to shehzadi zalzala ko deker hi rhunga or shehzadi zalzala ke liye sabse bdi saza to khud mohtaram ki khamoshi thi....

shehzadi zalzala ke jumlo ke baad mohtram ne tajalliyāna andaaz me apni chuppi ko toda or garajne ka irada farmāya

garajne ki shuruaat mohtram ne kuch is tarah ki..

"ke kya faraq meri narazgi se, kya bhala meri bhi koi parwāh krtा hai or wagerah wagerah sāda jumle"...

har baar ki tarah mohtram mazloom the, mgar haq par to the hi, bil aakhir der sawer shehzadi zalzala ko apne mansab e khas per ghurur aaya or keh bethi ke kafara btay or iske alawa ek jumla bhi kehne ki zarurat nahiñ hai....

*is martaba mohtram poori tayyari ke sathh aay the,
ek dam se keh diya shehzadi aap ek hukm de dijiye kafara khtm ho jaayga.. aap mere dil me khas jagah rkhtiñ haiñ...*

mgar shehzadi zalzala ko jalāl aaya hua tha or phir buland aawaz me kha kafāra btāyn..or kuch nhi....

mohtram ne rawaangi me kaha ke aap beete hue do din lota dijiye yhi kafāra hai....

*Shehzadi zalzala to theher si ga.īñ
ke ab bhala beete hue do din kese wapas laooñ
khud ke jawab ko mazboot krne liye shehzadi ne kaha
yeh to qudrat he itni meri hesiyat nahiñ...*

*āp hesiyat ke hisab se kuch munasib kafāra bta deñ..
mohtram ne jawab dete hue kahā..*

mere yahaan to aapki qeemat itni hi hai...

*agar aap is kafare ko ada krne ki himmat nhi rkhti to
aap touba krlen ...*

*bhala binte hawwa se itna krwana kya koi choti si
baat ho skti he....*

*yeh mohtram or tamam mard zaad ke liye 8 we ajube
jesa tha.....*

Ab tk to bazi apne hath me thi..

*zalzala ne maafi mangu li or yeh ladai tareekhe insani
me mohtram ki ek badi fatah me shamil ho ga....*

*Ab jab mohtram ka tajalliyana andaz ru e zameen par
utarne lga.. bechare mohtram ko hukka sa maloom hua ke
zameen kuch tharthara si rhi he ...*

*bechare mohtram ko kya maloom tha ke shehzadi za-
lzala zalzala lane wali hain..*

*tajalliyana andaz dekhne ke baad ab zalzalana andaz
dekhna baaqi reh gya tha.....*

Kisi na maloom baat per kaafi poochtach ke baad

mohtram ko pata lga ki shehzadi zalzala to apni bha-won ko kutub minār par chadhāy bethiñ hai or laboñ ki surkhi gulāb se badal kar aag ho ga.ī hai..

Itna maloom hua hi tha ke shehzadi zalzala

ke woh tamam jumle jinse ehle mohalla allah ki panah māng rhe the , un jumlo ka aaghaz phone call per mo-htram ke khilaf bhi shuru ho gya....

Ab kya btaooñ kya zalzala tha,

bus yoon samjha jaay ke jese shikaar to hiran ka kiya jā rha ho mgar mohtram us kamān me rassi the jise bagher teer lgay kheechha jaa rha tha or choda jā rha tha.

ye kheech taan ka silsila jisme mohtram khud ek ka-maan ki rassi banker reh gye taqreeban ek ghante chala... or mohtaram ke ander ki bijliyan phuk ga.ī or tajalliyāna andāz sufiyana andāz me badal ker reh gya....

Akhir mushaqqatoñ ke baad shehzadi zalzala yeh btane par amaada huiñ ke masla hai kya..kyo yeh zalzala barpa hua hai...

zalzala ke is zalzale ki wajah ek 2 fut ki bachchi ka 5 lafzi ek jumla tha, jo 3 fit ki shehzadi zalzala ko nagawār guzra... or us jumle ki wajah se ehle mohalla samet 5 fut 6

*inch ke mohtram ko 56 ghazle sunne ko mili, jisme cheekh
ke alawa na koi radeef tha na koi qafiya mehez nhi nhi
nhi ka takhullus shamil tha.*

Ghair Hāzir

yahāñ sabz o phool hain nehreñ rawāñ haiñ

yahāñ kashti hai pāni hai khwāb o makāñ haiñ

yahāñ chashm o manzar hai jism o arwāh haiñ

na jāne kyoñ hai phir bhi yahāñ insān ghair hāzir

yahāñ par hukm he or hukmarāñ haiñ

khuda hai or uske peshwa haiñ

yahāñ kābe meñ har din kārwāñ haiñ

na jāne kyoñ hai phir bhi yahāñ imān ghair hazir

Ash'aar

*jis sheher ke tamām log mar gye
us sheher e bad-nasīb ki āb o hawa hooñ maiñ*

*itne aib meri shakhsiyat ki ronaq hain
be-dagh hona meri zindagi khaa jayga*

*siyāsat ka pujāri hooñ na matlabi qurbat hai
maiñ insān hooñ mujhe insān se mohabbat hai*

*sohbat e yaar ki lat āla jurm hai abdul
do nafl karke ada iska kafāra karlo*

*dil dukhay koi dard de tumko kya lagta hai
main insān hooñ mujhko to bura lagta hai*

*ik pareshañ bheed meñ shaad raha hooñ
maiñ ek shakhs ke khud ka bhi ustad raha hooñ*

*tujhse gustgu karne me maza aayga
apne lehje me zara zikr e khuda paida kar*

*tumne khoya hai apna mustaqbil
apne maazi ki aarzoo karte*

*phir eid par udas sa chehra liye hue
phirte haiñ ehl e dil gham e hijra' liye hue*

*ham bad-naseeb jo bakhish ki ratoñ meñ
Khade huzoor e khuda tera sawāl karte haiñ*

har ek azeez ko nazroñ se juda krte hue

hamne ek umr guzāri he wafa krte hue

us shakhs ko ho kaise bhala parwāz mayassar

jo wir.d yeh karta ho ke zindāñ se mohabbat hai

*meri gumshudgi ka yeh aalam hai
mujhe to apni ghazal bhi yaad nhi*

*phir is dil e be peer se jurrat na ho saki
ek bad hawa ke baad mohabbat na ho saki*

*ā teri dast bosi karooñ ehliyā
tune ek murde pe zindagi guzāri hai*